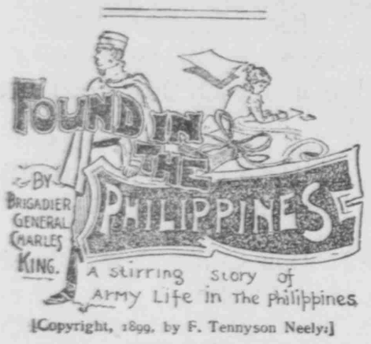
BE GLAD.

Be glad when the flowers have faded?
Be glad when the trees are bare?
When the fog lies thick on the fields and moors,
And the frost is in the air?
When all around is a desert,
And the clouds obscure the light,
When there are no songs for the darkest day,
No stars for the longest night?

Be glad when the world is lonely
And the heart has been bereft?
When of all the loves of the young springtime
Scarcely a friend is left?
Be glad in the desolate valley
After the sunny hills?
When the joy of the morning is far behind
And the gloom its task fulfills?

Ah, yes! for the truest gladness
Is not in ease or mirth!
It has its home in the heart of God,
Not in the loves of earth.
God's love is the same forever,
If the skies are bright or dim,
And the joy of the morning lasts all day
When the heart is glad in Him.
—Marianne Farningham, in Christian World.



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CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Another week rolled by. The tide of battle had swept inland and northward; and all eyes were on the plucky advance of MacArthur's strong division, while far out to the south and east the thinned and depleted lines of Anderson held an insurgent force that forever menaced but dare not attack. The Primeval Dudes, sorely missing their calmly energetic colonel, had drifted into a war of words with their nearest neighbors on the firing line, a far western regiment gifted with great command of language and small regard for style. The latter had crowed mightily over their more rigorously disciplined comrades because of the compliments bestowed on them in an official report, wherein the Dudes received only honorable mention. It was Capt. Stricker of the volunteers who had led the dash on the rebel works across the Tripa to the left of Blockhouse 12. It was their Sergt. Finney who whacked a Filipino major with the butt of his Springfield, and tumbled out of him the batch of reports and records that gave the numbers and positions of every unit of Pilar's division on the southward zone. It was their Corporal Norton who got the Mauser through the shoulder just as, foremost in the rush, he bayoneted the last Tagal at the Krupp guns in the river redoubt. It was his devoted bunky, Private Latrobe, who volunteered to carry the division commander's dispatch across the open rice field and the yawning ditches that separated the staff from the rest of the charging —teenth, and who died gloriously in the rush on the rebel works. Man after man of the woolly westerners had been referred to by name, while the Dudes had nothing to show but their wounded colonel's modest report that "where every officer and man appeared to do his whole duty it would be unjust to make especial mention of even a limited few." The Dudes were getting hot over the taunts of the "Toughs," as some one had misnamed their neighbors; and one night when there was more or less interchange of pointed chaff in lieu of a fight with a common foe there was heard a shrill voice from the flank of the rifle pit nearest the westerners, and what it said was repeated in wonderment over the brigade before the Dudes were another day older.

"Well, dash your thievin' gang! We made our record for ourselves, anyhow. We didn't have to rely on any dashed deserters from the regulars—as you did."

And that was why Sergt. Sterne, of the Dudes, was sent for by the field officers of both regiments the following morning and bidden to explain, which he did in a few words. He was ready to answer that the wounded Corporal Norton was the very same young man he saw in the adjutant's office of the —teenth regulars at Camp Merritt, and was then called Morton. And that evening the veteran sergeant major of the —teenth was bidden to report at the reserve hospital in Ermita, close to the Malate line, was conducted to the bedside of a pallid young soldier whose ticket bore the name of Norton, and was asked to tell whether he had ever seen him before.

"I have, sir," said the veteran, sadly and gravely. "He is a deserter from the —teenth. His name on our rolls was Morton." And that night Col. Armstrong cabled to "Primate," New York, the single word "Found." Nor was it likely the lad would soon be lost again, for a sentry with fixed bayonet stood within ten feet of his bed with orders not to let him out of his sight a second.

Mrs. Garrison appeared at the hospital that very evening and heard of the episode, and reached Billy Gray's bedside looking harassed, even haggard. During the past three days she had been accorded admission, for Gray was so much improved there was no reason to longer forbid; but on each occasion the wounded volunteer officer and the brace of attendants present had precluded all possibility of confidential talk. She must bide her time. Gray would be up in a few days, said the doctor; and then nothing would do, said Mrs. Garrison, but he must be moved to their big, roomy, lovely house on the bay side, and be made strong and well again—made to give up those letters, too, thought she; for she had wormed it out of a bystander that a packet of some kind had been given by the dying soldier to the lieutenant, and she well knew what it must be. She had even penned him a little note, since not a whisper could be safely exchanged, and headed it: "Give this back to me the moment you have read it." In it she reminded him of his promise, and—did he need to be reminded of hers? She knew that packet of Nita's letters had been intrusted to his care. She assured him she had it straight from the surgeon who attended both Latrobe and himself, and they must reach the hands of no man on earth, but must come to her. Would he not give them at once or tell her where she could find them?

He gave back the note, but closed his eyes and turned away. In the presence of Armstrong day after day, and in the recollection of Latrobe's dying face and the last parting touch of his stricken hand, Gray's eyes were opening to his own deplorable weakness. She plainly saw her power was going, if not gone. He had wrapped a silk handkerchief about the packet and still kept it, with his watch and purse, beneath his pillow. He would not tell her where it lay. She smiled archly for the benefit of the attendant; but her eyes again eagerly claimed a look from his, her lips framed the word "to-morrow."

But neither on that morrow nor yet the next day came her opportunity. The gallant fellow who had lain there for days, dumb and patient, but a barrier to her plans, had taken a turn for the worse, and she was again denied admission. Then came the tidings that the barrier was removed, the long fight was over; and the heartless woman actually rejoiced. Now at last she could talk to Will Gray; and when midnight came she knew that now at last she must, for Frank Garrison, worn and weary, returning late from the front, briefly announced that Gen. Drayton purposed visiting the hospital the following afternoon, and long before noon—long before visiting hours, in fact, she was there with flowers as winsome as her smile, and some jelly as dainty as her own fair hands. She was there, and the instant the hour sounded was ushered in, and Billy Gray, propped on his pillows, was writing to his father, and alone. No time was to be lost. Any moment the attendant might return. She threw herself on her knees beside the homely, narrow cot, seized his hand in hers, and looked him in the face. "Where are they, Will?" she pleaded. "Quick! I must have them now!" But well she realized that the spell was broken—that the old fascination had died its death. Then it was useless to hint at love; and in a torrent of impassioned words she bade him think of all he owed her, appealed to his sense of gratitude and honor, and there, too, failed, for, admitting all she claimed, he clumsily, haltingly, yet honestly told her he saw now that it was all for an object, all done in the hope that he might become her instrument for the recovery of those compromising letters; and now the fate had delivered them into his hands he was bound by honor and his promise—unheard, unspoken perhaps, but all the same his promise—to the dead to give them to Gen. Drayton.

Then rising in fury and denunciation, she played her last trump. Trembling from head to foot, pale with baffled purpose and with growing dread, she bent over him, both hands clinched.

"You mad fool!" she cried. "Do you know what I can do—will do—unless you give them to me here and now? As God hears me, Will Gray, I will give that other packet to Gen. Drayton myself and swear that Col. Canker was right—that you were the thief he thought you, and that I got those letters from you."

For a moment she stood there, menacing, at his bedside, looking down in almost malignant triumph on his amazed and incredulous face; and then, with an awful fear checking the beat of her heart and turning her veins to ice, she grasped at the flimsy framework that supported the netting over the cot, and stood swaying and staggering, her eyes fixed in terror on the man in the uniform of a colonel, who, quietly entering, stood between her and the door, two papers in his half-extended hand—a man whose voice, long and too well known, cut her to the very quick as she heard, in calm and measured tone, the words:

"Mrs. Garrison, here are two reasons why you will do nothing of the kind. Shall I hand these to Gen. Drayton—or to your husband?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The long wait for the coming of the big transports with the regulars was over. For the first time in history America was sending her soldiery past the pyramids and through the Indian sea, landing them, after 40 days and nights of voyaging, upon the low, flat shores that hem Manila bay, and shoving them out to the hostile front before their sea-legs could reach the swing and stride of the marching step; yet, to all appearance, as unconcernedly at home as though they had been campaigning in the Philippines since the date of their enlistment. This, to be sure, in the case of more than half their number, would have given them scant time in which to look about them, since raw recruits were more numerous than seasoned men. But no matter what may be his lack of drill or preparation the average Anglo-Saxon never seems to know the time when he doesn't know how to fight. So, with all the easy assurance of a veteran, our Yankee "Tommies" wriggled into their blanket rolls and trudged away to the posts assigned them; and once more the army assumed the aggressive.

There were changes in the composition of the forces even before the move began. The dudes and the "toughs" parted company; and the former, with Stanley Armstrong once more riding silent at their head, joined forces with Stewart's riddled regiment up the railway toward Malolos. Col. Frost had succeeded in convincing the surgeons that he would be as much out of place as his name itself in such a clime and climate, and was in daily expectation of an order home. Billy Gray, mending only slowly, had been sent to Corregidor, where the bracing breezes of the China sea drove their tonic forces through his lungs and veins, and the faintly rising hue of coming health back into his hollow cheeks. The boy had been harder hit than seemed the case at first, said the fellows of the —teenth; but the wise young surgeon of the "Second reserve" and a grave-faced colonel of infantry could have told of causes little dreamed of in the regiment—were either given to telling the half of what he knew.

That something most unusual had occurred in the room of Mr. Gray the day that the sad-faced, kind old general visited the hospital at least half a dozen patients could have told; for an attendant went running for one of the women nurses, and the doctor himself hurried to the scene. It was on his arm that, half an hour later, Mrs. Garrison slowly descended the stairs, her flimsy white veil down, and silently bowed her thanks and adieux as the doctor closed the door of her carriage and nodded to the little coachman. It was the doctor who suggested to Col. Frost that Manila air was not conducive to his wife's recovery, and recommended Nagasaki as the place for her recuperation until he could join her and take her home. The Esmerelda bore the White sisters over Hong-Kong way within a week; and they left without flourish of trumpet, with hardly the flutter of a handkerchief; for, since the battle of the 5th of February, neither had been seen upon the Luneta. Their women friends were very few; the men they knew were mainly at the front. The story got out somehow that Garrison had asked to be relieved from further duty as aid-de-camp and returned to duty with his regiment, and that Drayton would not have it. The general's manner toward that hard-working staff officer, though often preoccupied as of old, grew even kinder. He did not see the sisters off for China—he was "far too busy" was the explanation; but he offered Garrison a fortnight's leave and urged his taking it, and was obviously troubled when Garrison declined. "You need rest and the change of air more than any man I know," said he; but Garrison replied that change of scene and air would not help him.

There were two young fellows in khaki uniforms landed from the hospital launch on the back trip from Corregidor one warm March day. One wore the badge of a subaltern of the —teenth regulars, the other the chevrons of a corporal and the hatband of a famous


"Quick, I must have them now!"

fighting regiment of volunteers; yet the same carriage bore them swiftly through the sentineled streets of the walled city, and the guards at the Ayuntamiento sprang to their arms and formed ranks at sight of it, then dispersed at the low-toned order of its commander when it was seen that, instead of stopping at the curb and discharging an elderly general officer, it whirled straight by and held two youths in field uniform.

"One of 'em's young Gray, of the —teenth; he that was hit in the charge on the Panay road," said the officer of the guard to a comrade. "But who the devil's the other? He had corporal's chevrons on. Some fellow just got a commission, perhaps." And that was the only way the soldier could account for a corporal riding with a commissioned officer in a general's carriage. They had a long whirl ahead of them, these two; and the corporal told Gray, as he already had the general and Col. Armstrong, much of the story of his friendship for "Pat" Latrobe, of that poor fellow's illness at San Francisco and all the trouble it cost his friend and chum. There was a strong bond between them, he explained; and the blush of shame that stole up in the face of the narrator found instant answer in that of Billy Gray. Determined to see service at the front and not return to punishment in his regiment, never dreaming that, in quitting a corps doomed apparently to inaction at home, and joining one going straight to the enemy's country, he was committing the grave crime of desertion, "Gov" Prime had spoken to some men in Stewart's regiment and was bidden to come along and fetch his friend; for they were just as ignorant as he. Having still considerable money, "Gov" had bought civilian clothes and all the supplies they needed while about town, and hired a boat that rowed them, with certain items contraband of war, to the dark side of the transport as nightfall came; and they were easily smuggled aboard and into uniform, and then, during the few days' stay at Honolulu, were formally enlisted and no embarrassing questions asked.

And now poor Pat was gone and Prime's father had been cabling for him to return home; but there was that awkward matter about the desertion. Gen. Drayton was trying to have it straightened out at Washington, for he had been kindness itself the day of his visit to the hospital, where almost his first act had been to seek out the wounded young soldier who had been his beloved nephew's boon companion, and at one time sole support. The sentry was relieved of his surveillance, and Corp. Norton transferred to Corregidor to recuperate; and now that both lads were well on the road to recovery, Drayton had sent for them. Strictly speaking, some one should have seen to it that Corp. Norton, of the volunteers, was shifted back to Private Morton, of the —teenth, and the chevrons stripped from his sleeves; but no one had cared to interfere where the worsted was concerned, especially as the boy had won such praise for bravery at Concordia Bridge. So there the chevrons stood when the two were ushered into the presence of the gray-haired chief, and he arose, and, stepping forward, held out a hand to each.

"I want you, boys," said he, "to be ready to take the next transport home. The doctors say you need a sea voyage, Gray; so there is the order. The doctors say your father needs you, Prime; and the record will be duly straightened out in Washington—the charge of desertion, no doubt, will be removed. It's a matter of influence. To-night you dine with me here; and I have asked your good friend, Col. Armstrong, to come."

[To Be Continued.]

THE FEMININE OBSERVER.

Some of Her Homespun Philosophy About the Peculiarities of Men and Women.

A woman wants to be truly loved—and to be told so.

A woman's voice is the greatest evidence of breeding, or the reverse.

Many a man's resolutions regarding money-saving go up in smoke.

A woman who owns palms thinks think they are as much trouble as a sickly baby.

How many persons who tell a dog to "speak" would survive the shock if it did?

Following in the footsteps of duty leads to mental tranquillity—however great the cost.

Resolutions are not carried out as often as are the men that make them—from saloons.

There is not such a great evidence of genius as an actor when a man plays the fool successfully.

No matter how intelligently a man may be, he always seems silly to a woman when he wants to marry her.

A word of praise for a dinner often more than compensates a woman for all the trouble of its preparation.

No matter how sensible a woman may be, she is willing to stint herself on food to pay for anything recommended to make her beautiful.

If the photographs in our rooms were to suddenly come to life what a horrible quarter of an hour the hostess would have in her efforts at making them agreeable to each other.—Philadelphia Times.

City of Crime.

The Italian city of Artena, situated about 40 miles from Rome, is known as the City of Crime. Ever since the sixteenth century every criminal who has escaped from prison or done his time has emigrated to Artena, and to-day practically every inhabitant is a criminal or the child of criminals. Every family takes the law into its own hands, and it is reported not a day passes without many murders being committed in the streets. The Italian authorities have now come to look upon Artena as hopeless, and remark that it is far better that criminals should kill criminals than that innocent persons should be their victims. It is said that on one occasion, when 23 murders had been committed in that city in one day, the fact was reported in one of the Italian papers in the following terms: "Since our last issue (24 hours before) there have been 23 sudden deaths in Artena." And no further notice of the murders was taken or expected. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Polite.

At a recent church dedication the preacher, who was a stranger, followed up his sermon by an earnest appeal for the balance of the money needed to pay for the building. The collectors went round, and promises came in. As the subscriptions were one after another read, a collector announced, "The five Black children, one dollar." The courteous preacher quickly amended the statement by announcing, "Five little colored people, one dollar." Amidst an outburst of merriment, the pastor hastily explained that the donors were white children of the name of Black.—Short Stories.

Decidedly Worse.

Mrs. Morrall—How our ideas of love and matrimony have retrogaded during the last century.

Mrs. Frank—In what particular?

Mrs. Morrall—Why, in the difference between the old and new regard for the actuating motive for matrimony; what for instance, can be worse than the modern custom of marrying for money?

Mrs. Frank—Why, er—marrying for it and not getting it, of course.—Richmond Dispatch.

Caused a Slight Family Jar.

"Maria, did you read about that Philadelphia woman who was cured of her mental troubles by fasting 45 days? I believe such a treatment would cure that unhappy temper of yours."

"Yes! It would make an angel of me! Is that what you would like, John Billus?"—Chicago Tribune.

True Art.

"Does Daubthick get a sufficiently savage expression on his Indian portraits?"

"Yes, indeed; they look like football players."—Chicago Record.

Would Ward Off Water.

The Physician—You have a coat on your tongue.

The Colonel—I sincerely hope it is a mackintosh.—Indianapolis Journal